

for everything by GhostyTheWriter

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Summary:

Billy saves Steve which spirals into a complicated relationship. Billy has problems with being gay while Steve has become an expert at hiding it. More about the two of the growing, so if you're here for character growth, hey. Both are just really lonely which is the center of this fic. Dances on the line of angst.

1. Admit it, you're lonely

Author's Note:

Y'all I slaved over this, my right click was barely working so getting it in here from word is some tourcher shit. I literally blew up at my family because I couldn't handle it. Anyways hope you like this, I cried over a button, I hate my life, this is the only thing that makes me happy some days and my keyboard gave my the middle finger.

Listened to-

Dope- lady gaga

Everyone's lonely- jukebox the ghost

Get on the road- tired pony

Make you feel my love- Adele

Revamp album- Elton John

When Steve woke up he smelled a strong fume of smoke, his eyes jolted to see Billy sitting on his bed giving him a wicked smile, "Morning princess." Steve closed his eyes and rolled over, trying to push the idea of Billy out of head, but the smell of smoke was so pungent.

"Oh what, already regretting spending your precious time with me?" Billy said leaning in close to Steve's ear

"Trying to will you out of my life." Steve says into his pillow. Billy settled in closer to the bed, putting out his cigarette in a glass of water.

"Well if you didn't want me in your life maybe you shouldn't have opened the door." Billy said flicking Steve's cheek to annoy him.

Steve and Billy had a weird relationship blooming. It started one night when Steve was about to get robbed when Billy came out of nowhere with a gun and told them to get the guy up the street, that his house was empty. The robbers had no problem with that and booked it up the street. Billy had put his gun away and saluted off to Steve while walking away.

Steve had felt a weird debt to Billy but wasn't sure how to pay him back. Nancy threw out the possibility that he just apologizing to Steve over their fight, rumors began to spread about Neil, so it all started to make sense. Either way Steve bought him a soda at school and gave it to him outside, standing but not smoking with Billy.

"The hell is this?" Billy said taking the Pepsi.

"Saw you drinking one before. My dad would have been pissed if he found out I lost 500 dollars, so it's a thanks." Steve said leaning against the wall with Billy.

"You're a real air head, you know? You walk around with 500 in cash and then tell people about it, no wonder you almost got jumped." Billy said cracking the drink open and chugging it. When he fished he fished he crushed the can and threw it.

"Why are you this way?" Steve said more rhetorically, making a disgusted face and walking back inside.

"Hey, Princess?" Billy called out before Steve went back in. Steve sighed, fighting himself for responding.

"Yes, asshole?"

"Buy me a bag of chips and I'll quit basketball." Billy said burning his fingers with how low the cigarette had gotten.

"All for a bag of chips?" Steve shot him a look.

"I was going to quit anyways, thought I should get some food out of it." Billy gave a sharp grin before stomping out what was left of his cigarette.

Later on when Billy was waiting up for Max, Steve came over to the window and threw a bag of chips in, "Quit if you want to but can you stop fucking harassing me, it's getting old."

"Whatever princess." Billy said opening the bag and happily eating the chips, his wolfish smile burning into Steve's eyes, it was eerier consider Billy hid his eyes behind his mirrored glasses for the most part.

“Don’t call me that.” Steve said walking away, seeming exhausted.

A couple of days later Billy came in with a black eye and a lash across his neck, of course no one commented on it, knowing the wrath Billy was capable of bringing down.

Steve went out and found Billy smoking in the same place outside the lunch room. He tossed him a drink and sat on some stairs adjacent to Billy.

“Haven’t you paid me back yet?” Billy cracked the drink open not looking in Steve’s direction.

“I know you’re broke and a friend said you haven’t been home since Friday, it’s Monday so figured you’re running low on smokes and food.” Steve said leaning into the metal stairs.

Billy squatted in front of Steve, “My life isn’t your problem, don’t make it your business.” He blew smoke in Steve’s face before standing up and going back to his spot against the wall.

“Then consider this a threat, I saw you take money from Nancy’s locker.” Steve said in a dead panned voice, getting closer and barely pushing on Billy’s middle. Billy almost collapsed when he felt Steve push on his middle, where Neil had beaten him the hardest. Steve looked him in the eye, “What I thought. Steal from her again and I’ll get Hopper to put you in for as long as possible.” Steve’s eyes were hard, and his stance was unbreakable.

“Then let me stay at your place, let me eat your food, let me drink your water, because if not the jail I heard has quality meals now a days.” Billy took off his glasses to look Steve in the eye as he said this.

Without missing a beat Steve said, “Happy to oblige, but if you steal shit from me the deal with Hopper is still on.” Steve took the cigarette out of Billy’s mouth and stomped it out, “Also no smoking in the house.”

At first Billy was just going to swipe food from a gas station but figured eating with Steve would just be easier. When he pulled up to

his house he found only Steve's car in the drive way. Reluctantly he knocked on the door, he had no where to go but the arms of Steve, and if he was being honest, he was lonely. He wanted someone to see that he knew, anyone who would put up with him for a least a few hours.

"Glad to see you, asshole." Steve sidestepped letting Billy in with a smile.

"What a kind host you are Steven." Billy said sarcastically.

"What a charming guest you make William." Billy turned and shot daggers at Steve.

"Never call me William." He said sharply before heading to the kitchen to find macaroni in a pot. He stirred it some and poured it into a bowl, "Hear that?" Billy asked, "Sounds like what pussy sounds like, not that you would know." Billy laughed and headed off to the couch.

Steve laughed, not a nervous one, not an angry one, just a laugh. "You're right, how could I know what good pussy sounds like over moaning?" Steve asked raising an eyebrow and smiling, Billy couldn't help the match Steve's smile. No one usually comes back at him in a joking way, usually some retort that's laced with spite, but not Steve.

"Why did you show up?" Steve asked once they ate in silence for a minute.

"Besides you inviting me?" Billy gave a look at Steve that told him he was stupid.

"I know you wouldn't show up even if it meant your last dollar, so why are you actually here. I know you're not threatened by me, so you could steal Nancy's money anytime you like. But instead here you are eating my food, so why?" Steve asked.

Billy put the bowl down, "What is this, a power play?" Billy asked standing up getting ready to go.

"Curiosity. Let me level with you, you beat the shit out of me not too long ago, then saved my ass, quit basketball, and are now here

eating. You don't see the mystery in all that?" Steve asked rhetorically.

"I beat the shit out of you because I had nothing better to do. I saved your ass because the guy up the street hit my bumper, saw the opportunity to get him back. Quit basketball because I'm sick of hearing you pussy bitches talk about my shit like it's your business. I'm eating your food because I'm starving, so no, it's not a mystery, it's just a shit storm as always." Billy basically growled at Steve.

Steve stood up taking Billy's bowl, "You want more?" He asked.

"What the hell?" Billy followed Steve to the kitchen.

"Everyone is lonely Billy, take a wild guess why I've been bothering you lately. Nancy being with Johnathan is not something I feel like surrounding myself with. You're fun to watch even when you're doing jack shit." Steve admitted filling his bowl again.

"You watch me?" Billy scrunched up his eyebrows, "What are you a fairy?"

Steve gave him a deadpan look, "Like it would make much difference if I was, which fact of the day, I am. But I know you are too, I saw some guy sucking your dick behind the arcade." Billy went pale, he'd sworn no one was around.

Steve looked back up at him, "I don't care, certainly won't tell anyone, not my type to do so. Stay at my place, eat my food, drink my water, I don't care, but admit it, you're lonely." Steve put the bowls down.

"What is this, some kind of kink of yours, dominating?" Billy laughed.

"No, I'm a sub." Steve said without changing his face.

"Holy shit." Billy rubbed his face turning wondering how he ended up here. "If I tell you will you let me sleep on the couch in peace?"

Steve nodded, Billy sucked in a breath, "I'm lonely in this shitty shit hole, it is the literal anal leakage of the country, so I'm spending my

time with you princess. I'm losing my mind because my father is the biggest cunt I've ever had to deal with and next to that I like guys. Men! Don't you see the problem with that? With being a queer?" Billy smiled frantically, pulling at his hair, like he was just waiting to tell someone that.

Steve sat there thinking for a moment, "I see nothing wrong with us, I didn't choose this, have no reason to. There's something wrong with people who think they can waste their time changing my mind about this. I hate this place because I can't seem to find what I want in this shitty shit hole, as you said. This place is fucked up and I'm lonely too, everyone is lonely here. But then you showed up and I think you're interesting... Blankets in the closet." Steve said walking upstairs, turning off the lights on his way.

2. nothing I wouldn't do

Summary for the Chapter:

just a continuation, my right click is working and my life isn't so off track anymore so guess what, some hot fresh trash from yours truly.

Billy knocked out on the couch, not bothering with blankets or anything like that. It had to be at least 3 in the morning when he woke to screams. Billy jumped from his bed and realized the screams were coming from upstairs and sounded a lot like Steve.

When Billy kicked down the door, switch blade in hand, he saw Steve frantic in his bed. It looked like his body was being pulled apart, his eyes were rolled into the back of his head as he made a choking noise. Billy thought he was having a seizure for a moment, not sure what was happening.

Steve woke up with a lunge forward and vomited on his bed, scrambling for something to hold onto and something to fight.

"Hey, you're okay." Billy ran to bend down next to Steve. Steve without thinking and so full of fear punched Billy in the eye, trying to run but just getting pushed up against the bed.

Steve seemed to come to, not realizing what he had done.

"Billy, oh my god, are you okay." Steve's hands hovered over Billy's shoulder, not wanting to touch him.

"It's fine you bitch." Billy said standing and almost falling over. "Jesus you can throw a punch."

Steve seemed to fold in on himself, feeling bad for it.

"I'm sorry." Steven tucked his chin in.

Billy looked over at him, he knew that feeling, he knew where Steve was coming from. "Hey are you okay?" Billy asked.

Steve looked up wide eyed and beaming, then seem to deflate, “No, I’ve been having these nightmares for months now.” Steve hung his head, shoulders still tense.

“Come here.” Billy said getting in the bed with his hand extended. Steve took it, curling into Billy’s stomach and gripping his middle for dear life. The smell of his cologne was strong but also comforting, it had a certain presence to it.

“The whole world has been on my case.” Billy said into the dim lit room, his blue eyes seemed focused on the ceiling.

“You know if you actually tried to be friends with me, there’s nothing I wouldn’t do to help you.” Steve said, almost at a whisper into Billy’s stomach.

“Then what are we now?” Billy asked.

“Desperate.” Steve whispered, closing his eyes.

When Steve woke the next morning, Billy was still with him, staring up at the ceiling.

“How long have you been awake?” Steve asked, curling in closer to Billy and his warmth.

“You started up again not too long ago, I calmed you down but couldn’t go back to sleep.” Billy said, mindlessly rubbing circles in Steve’s back.

Steve sat up and got a closer look at the punch Billy took last night. His fingers ghosted over his skin as he examined the eye. Billy was watching him in curiosity, no one had cared for him quite like this.

“It’s already green, it won’t be long before it’s healed.” Steve said, only realizing then that he was straddling Billy.

“Sorry.” Steve rushed as he climbed off of Billy.

“Don’t go now, I was enjoying the show.” Billy laughed, as Steve got up. Billy looked over at Steve, sitting on the edge of the bed, “So we can clear this up, are you looking for us to be a thing or not?” Billy

asked in a casual manor.

“I’m looking for anyone to put up with my shit. Also having someone who knows and shares my secret is nice. So, whatever you want us to be, we can be.” Steve twisted his hands as he spoke.

“Nah, I’m not going to just hang around and fuck you.” Billy said as he stood up.

“Why not, I’m not your type?” Steve didn’t sound sad or offended, more curious.

“No, I’m just not as big of an asshole as you like to think.” Billy said as he opened the door and continued down the stairs.

“I’m sorry.” Steve said from the top of the stairs.

“For what.” Billy looked at him, their eyes meeting perfectly.

“For everything, hate me if you want, but I hate that someone like you ended up in a shit situation. With a shitty problem like being gay, with a shitty dad like Neil, with a shitty town like this one.”

Billy shook his head, rubbing his forehead before looking back up at Steve. “You know you’re the only person who I believe. Everyone said shit like that, they said it because they wanted to see how I would respond. So, thanks, for everything.”

Billy left and felt like passing out once he reached his car. He fell into the driver’s seat, feeling his stomach flip and fold at the idea of Steve. He was helpless at this point, he was at his absolute bottom and didn’t know what to do about it. So, he went home.

He tapped on Max’s window knowing she was in there from the light music coming from her radio. She smiled opening the window, thinking it was Lucas until she saw Billy, then her face fell.

“What now Billy.” Max said glaring down at him.

“I need my shit I’m moving out, can you just pass it out the window, so I don’t have to deal with him?” Billy asked.

Max nodded and came back with a duffle bag full. "It has clothes, tooth brush, music, and some food no one will notice is missing." She said sliding it out the window. "Where are you going to stay?"

"I don't know, but if I stay in this house any longer, I won't be living." Billy said taking the bag. "If you really need me, call Steve, he'll probably know where I am." Billy said, saluting Max as he got back into his car.

His car was running so low, he was shocked it made it to Steve's house again. Steve opened the door before Billy could even ask to stay with him for a while.

Billy hung his head, "I have nowhere to go."

Steve laughed, "You see the house behind me? I heard the guy in there is pretty cool if you don't treat him like a piece of shit."

"Point taken Harrington." Billy said nudging Steve, but not the way he used to, in a more friendly way.

"Don't call me that." Steve said helping Billy with the front door. Steve's house had three guest rooms plus his and his parents, so they were prepared to say the least. Steve had called his dad who agreed to let Billy stay with them as long as he was 'Respectful.'

Steve showed Billy all the available rooms, "So, which one do you want?" Steve asked.

"That one." Billy said, pointing over to the room right next to Steve's.

"That's like the smallest one, you sure?" Steve asked following Billy into the room.

"It's close to you." Billy said as he pushed his bag onto the bed. "I'll start to miss home if I'm not socked around enough." Billy said pointing to his eye.

Steve gave a half smile, shaking his head and looking away. "I'll remember that next time my body gets torn in half in a dream."

Something in the motion and the words Steve shook Billy to his core.

Steve just seemed so flawed, but in a way, Billy was willing to put up with. He wasn't one for love in an instant shit, but he knew that there was something different about Steve. The effort Steve had put into him in just the last two days was more than most people had before. And Steve, he never told Billy things like 'Oh don't say that' or 'I'm so sorry sweetie... Why don't I tell you a story about how I deserve sympathy?' It was always shit like that, but not with Steve. He never gave Billy the chance to lash out and say he didn't know shit, because he always framed it in a way that was real. He was real to Billy, even when no one in what seemed like the whole world was real.

He lost what felt like all control and kissed Steve. Grabbing the back of his head and deepening the kiss with his tongue. He chased the taste of Steve, the feeling of his warmth, he could stay like that, chasing what was in front of him.

"Why are you like this?" Billy asked kissing him again, this time just letting the two lean against each other, hands on each other's necks, foreheads leaning together, letting the kiss come and go with the time.

"Because I like you." Steve whispered to Billy, holding him close, "I'm glad you're here. I won't do you wrong."

"I trust you." Billy let his walls fall before even realizing it. Within the small amount of time Steve 'paid' off his debt, he had gained Billy's trust, "Don't make me regret it."

"I won't.

3. I've already forgiven you

Summary for the Chapter:

The finale to this, so much has been going on, i'm so glad to have finished this even if it's not long. I really liked doing this work. it's probably one of my more favorited one's, love ya- Ghosty

That night Billy went to sleep in Steve's room, the two of them spending their time talking and remembering moments by the dim light of Steve's desk lamp. Steve's radio played Elton John's "I guess that's why they call it the blues." Ironical of course considering their situation.

When Steve woke up he smelled a strong fume of smoke, his eyes jolted to see Billy sitting on his bed giving him a wicked smile, "Morning princess." Steve closed his eyes and rolled over, trying to push the idea of Billy out of head, but the smell of smoke was so pungent.

"Oh what, already regretting spending your precious time with me?" Billy said leaning in close to Steve's ear

"Trying to will you out of my life." Steve says into his pillow. Billy settled in closer to the bed, putting out his cigarette in a glass of water.

"Well if you didn't want me in your life maybe you shouldn't have opened the door." Billy said flicking Steve's cheek to annoy him.

"Well I was trying to sleep but I guess here we are." Steve said turning over to face Billy. "Did I wake you up last night at all." Steve asked, stroking his hand through Billy's hair.

"Do you see any fresh bruises?" Billy laughed, staring into Steve's deep brown eyes, "Nah, you were good." Billy whispered, holding Steve in his arms.

"If I ever punch you again I give you full right to punch me back."

Steve smiled as he sat up with Billy.

“I could I ever damage such a beautiful face? Nah I’ll just call you a bitch.” Billy pushed on Steve’s shoulder as he got up.

Steve picked up Billy’s shirt, he must have discarded it from the night before. The warm scent of the lose black cloth felt good on his skin. Steve pulled the collar closer and smelled it with a smile. It was a smoky smell with a sweetness to it. But when he looked up Billy looked stunned, he had a blush all the way from his ear tips to his chest.

“What?” Steve asked, totally realizing what he was doing to Billy was getting him hot and bothered.

“Get the fuck out of here.” Billy laughed as he picked up Steve and kissed him, pinning him up against the wall.

Steve wrapped his bare legs around Billy’s waist, holding him in place with his hands buried deep in the blonds long hair.

“I’m sorry.” Billy said kissing deeply into Steve’s neck. “For everything.” Billy lifted his head to look into Steve’s eyes.

“I’ve already forgiven you.” Steve said with a smile, holding Billy’s cheek.

“Come here.” Billy laughed as he hugged Steve in close, Steve let his laugh come through as he clutched onto Billy.

Billy spent all the time he could with Steve, the two of them were said to be the “Kings” of the school, little did people know they were kissing in the bathroom’s, having sex in Steve’s bed, eating food in each others lap.

The two always seemed to have the façade of strong men waiting for the hottest chick to ask them out. When in reality the two of them spent time watching movies and finding the other to be fascinating.

One night in Steve’s bed, Steve looked up at Billy from his chest. “Hey babe?” Steve asked.

“Yeah beautiful?” Billy noticed and looked down.

“What are we going to do once we move out? How are we going to live as gay men?” He asked, almost looking towards Billy for guidance. Steve had always seemed to be the one guiding Billy to where he needed to be, Steve just always seemed to be the one with the answers.

“We’ll move to New York or something. We’ll fight with the stupid neighbors and have amazing sex in a shitty bed, do all the things we do now, just a little more broke.” Billy said stroking Steve’s hair.

“If you ever break my heart I’ll break your dick.” Steve said, “I can’t live alone in New York, I would get mugged so easily.”

“I mean I don’t know how you expect me to run after someone who just stole your wallet with a broken dick.” Billy laughed as he held Steve’s back.

“You love me, you’ll figure it out.” Steve smiled into Billy’s stomach.

“I do.” Billy said smiling down at Steve’s soft angled face, “I do love you.”